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# ADVOCATE

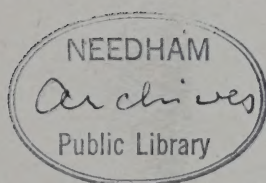






# A D V O C A T E

Christmas ★ 1952



PRICE 60c

DECEMBER, 1952

VOL. LXII No. 1

COVER DESIGNED BY KARYL MADER, '53

Published Twice a Year by the Student Body

THE NEEDHAM HIGH SCHOOL

NEEDHAM, MASSACHUSETTS

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Archives  
Dec. 1952



# DEDICATION



CATHERINE E. DODGE

As a symbol of our respect, we of the Advocate Board dedicate this Christmas issue to Miss Catherine E. Dodge who, as our advisor in past years, devoted to us many hours of patient service. Her students will long benefit from the guidance and understanding which she gave. Even though she has left us, we extend to her our sincere appreciation; and we want her to know that she will never be forgotten.



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# "Sleigh Bells Ring . . ."



## SOMETHING TO BE PROUD OF

We are criticized again and again for our behavior in school and for our lack of interest in school affairs. Criticism is constructive in beneficial quantities and proper places, but can be enervating if used indiscriminately. A *little* praise is sometimes more inspiring than excess criticism.

We must recognize that Needham High is a school of which we can be proud. The students of all classes are friendly toward one another. Our school spirit, though it sometimes seems poor to us, is better than it is in many other schools. Few schools the size of Needham High could have equaled the spirit we displayed at the Tech Tournament in Boston Garden last year.

We must be criticized, however, for our lack of spirit when a team of ours is not successful. If we are winning all our games, the spirit is good; if we have a record of defeats, the spirit is poor. Such fairweather sportsmanship is not a credit to our student body. Anyone knows that a team cannot always win. When the going is rough and we fail to respond with encouragement, it is not surprising that the boys on the team feel a sense of betrayal.

The scholastic standing of Needham High School is high. Students entering colleges after graduation from our school have found themselves ahead of their fellow students. We complain about the amount of homework we are required to do. We sometimes feel that we are marked too strictly. No one, however, should underestimate the education we receive at Needham High, nor its future importance. Ask any Needham graduate about his high school education. He will tell you that the training he received at school here has been an asset to him

in either college or the business world.

So you see, we can be proud of Needham High. Let's accept practical and constructive criticism, but let us not hesitate to stand up for our school, to be proud of what we have helped to build.

—LINDA HITT

\* \* \*

## DO YOUR BEST

We have all heard or said in the course of discussion about homework, tests, or any duty, the remark, "I've done my best." How often do we really mean that? How often have we done the very best we knew how and could say honestly, "I've done my best"?

A job that is half done is hardly worth while. With a little extra time and effort, the work could have been completed. We often observe with dismay the work of our government officers who appear to be doing only halfway the jobs assigned to them. We ourselves have tasks assigned to us; and though they may be small compared to the jobs of the officials, we give very little thought to carrying them out to the best of our ability. We should strive to do our jobs better than others think necessary, for it is when we excel that we and others get the most satisfaction.

Schoolwork is important and should be regarded more seriously than it is. We cannot expect to succeed at a future career; if we do not begin now — at school — to practice and to strive to do to the best of our ability that which is placed before us.

Some may argue that it is no use to "really try hard," that there are always others who do better and make better grades. If we merely stopped there, we would all lapse into apathy and laziness. Compe-

tition makes us more alert and gives us the desire to go forward, whether we compete against a fellow student or against ourself. Competition is keen and success will likely result when we attempt to better our own record.

Our future is determined in part by what we do now and how we prepare for the future now. Begin immediately to pave the way to success and do even more than you think necessary.

—KARYL MADER

\* \* \*

## ATTITUDES

Some people spend more time planning their retired years than they spend on their present happiness. They think that when they retire their worries will be over. Some dream of taking care of their little gardens; some plan to travel; others think that life would be grand if they could do absolutely nothing. These dreams are pleasant; but if these people aren't enjoying life right now, the object of the dreams defeats their purpose — to be happy. Another reason to be happy presently is that a person may not live long enough to retire.

Some young people don't enjoy life from day to day either. The only days of the week that they enjoy are Saturday and Sunday, the days of no school work. They say they hate school and don't try to enjoy it. They find no satisfaction in learning. Their attitude toward life during the week might be as follows: on Monday they think and talk about the previous weekend; on Tuesday the chatter decreases somewhat, but they wish the days would go faster; by



Wednesday life is dull and not worth living; on Thursday they are happier because of prospective weekend plans; and on Friday they squirm in their seats all day waiting for the afternoon dismissal bell to ring. What an uninteresting week! These students are the constant clock watchers. They don't even try to be interested in their courses. The days would go faster if they tried to enjoy life every day. Their conversation would be more lively if they would let themselves have a good time. Nothing is worse than spending a Saturday afternoon or evening with a bored person.

Perhaps our world problems are based on the fact that thousands of individuals are not satisfied with their private lives. If they only appreciate what they see, what they hear—everything around them! The person who awakens in the morning with the thought that “today is going to be one of the happiest days of my life” undoubtedly does find it to be so. This person is really living, whether it be at work or play. We all know that to be a success a person must work. A person must enjoy his work to work well. This person will be a success in business and also a success in private life. After all, working is living.

—JOAN MUELLER

\* \* \*

### IT'S UP TO YOU

As we look over the various organizations at N.H.S., most of us are ready to find fault with the way they are run, and with the people in them.

On Monday mornings we notice that the school grounds are littered with trash. While we were watching the football game Saturday, however, we threw ice cream wrappers and sticks under the bleachers, and threw our ticket stubs on the ground. We don't like the way Joe gave his speech in assembly, but could we have done better? We come home from football games disgusted by the lack of school spirit; yet while our cheerleaders yelled

their hearts out trying to arouse some enthusiasm in the stands, we sat passively with only a casual interest in what was going on.

We forget that we live in the only country in the world where we can change the things we don't like. It is easier to let the other fellow carry the ball, never putting ourselves in a position where we could be criticized. If we do this, then we are not entitled to criticize the work of those who are trying.

If there is anything at Needham High School that we think needs changing, let's do something about it. Let's join the organizations we think are falling down on the job and try to improve them. Remember, it takes more than good cheerleaders to create school spirit. Beautiful decorations don't make a successful dance. If we feel that our assemblies lack appeal, let's suggest better ones.

Our school is only what we make it, so let's all do our part in making it one of which we can be proud.

—JUDY LOFQUIST

\* \* \*

### THE MISSING PUZZLE PIECE

You and I are striving “on the hill” to prepare ourselves for our life's work. Each course we take is a piece in a picture puzzle. When we fit these pieces together with other pieces gained after our high school graduation, will the picture be full preparedness for our vocation? We have a full curriculum, but there is one piece missing. This is Speech.

If English were dropped from the curriculum, those talented and interested in this subject would learn in their own time and would study this further as their vocation. Those untalented would learn just enough to use English and later would study other subjects more necessary to their vocation. They would lack all knowledge of English but the mere essentials. As it would be with English, so it is with Speech.

The lack of speech training becomes evident at student assemblies, plays, and all student public

speaking. A Speech course teaching diction, rhetoric, practical drama, and public speaking would remedy this. Not only would a Speech class be an asset to the student, but it also would aid the town.

Needham should seek this opportunity to benefit student, school, and community. Will you help to fit the missing puzzle piece?

—Roger Stoddard

\* \* \*

### TAKE OFF THOSE ROSE COLORED GLASSES

Many of us are so wrapped up in school affairs that we don't take an interest in what goes on around us. Our days are occupied by school, football games, and the boy next door. We pay no attention to town events and rarely look at a newspaper or magazine. We don't care about the agenda for the next town meeting, or the progress of the Community Fund Drive. How our representative in the state legislature votes on an important bill doesn't interest us, and whether or not our public servants are honest is no concern of ours, we think. What's more some of us don't even notice how our country, America, is getting along with the rest of the world. We don't know what the nation's foreign and domestic policies are; NATO, and the Point Four Program means nothing to us.

Events taking place now at the statehouse in Boston, at Congress in Washington, and at the United Nations in New York should be of vital interest to us, for what happens in the world today affects us personally, and may greatly affect the lives of future Americans. We must keep our eyes open and follow world events, studying the newspapers, and listening often to commentators.

Seniors, especially, who in a short time will leave school for a larger world should prepare to become citizens of their community, their commonwealth, and their country.

—SALLY HANLON

ADVOCATE



# "... Are You List'ning?"



## THE UNITED NATIONS

Shortly after the attack on Pearl Harbor, President Roosevelt asked all the nations fighting with the United States to join in a declaration of a united purpose. And so on the first of January, 1942, twenty-six nations promised to fight together to form a new and peaceful world. Thus the United Nations was born. Of the twenty-six nations that signed the United Nations Declaration on that date, there were the four largest fighting powers, the United States, Russia, China, and England; five British dominions; nine governments-in-exile; and eleven Latin American Republics.

Today practically all the nations of the world are members of the United Nations. On Tuesday, October 14, 1952, the representatives of these United Nations opened their first meeting of the General Assembly in the new United Nations building in Manhattan, New York. With this opening in their new home, designed to serve as a "workshop for peace," comes a new hope for world-wide peace.

The aims of the United Nations, expressed in January, 1942, are in the form of a commitment of adherence to the principles of the Atlantic Charter. The Charter forbids the signers any enlargement of their territories without the freely expressed consent of the people within these territories. Self-government and independence must be restored to those deprived of them, and all people must have the right to choose their own form of government. The Charter provides for improved standards of living, economic advancement, and social security. It promises peace and safety to all people within their own boundaries, and promises an active campaign for world security.

In their desire to survive and to live in a better world, the peoples of the world brought the United Nations into being. The means of survival and the hope for a better world are in the mind and body of the United Nations, without which the wish must perish. Somehow the members of the United Nations, in their discussions and deliberations, must resolve inequalities between nations; must fairly arbitrate disputes between nations; and must use force when arbitration fails. In this lies its challenge and its opportunity.

The future of the United Nations is in regional development, transportation, nutrition, medical care, education, social security, the care of the land, world reconstruction, and in the building up of metropolitan and rural housing. To improve all these living conditions will take billions of dollars. For example, it is estimated that the cost of bettering the housing situation in the world is \$1,500,000,000.

To the youth of today, the United Nations is our sole hope. The world situation is in its hands. How the United Nations handles this situation may mean survival or death. As you look at pictures of the new home of the United Nations, you can feel the strength of the new modern building with its enormous Dome and slender Secretariat. The beauty and strength of that home must and will bring the nations of the world into closer and fruitful unity.

May all the people of the world everywhere, support the aims and purposes of the United Nations in the spirit of the young soldier who said, "And if that world needs my life, then it shall have it. That's the kind of world I can die for, for it's the only kind of a world in which I could live!"

—RUTH BIRCH

## SIX PIECES OF SILVER

The little scarlet salamander crept slowly out from under the rock. As I watched him move along on the emerald green carpet of moss, I thought he looked like a jewel on a piece of velvet. He was heading toward the brook, which was so clear that I could see the sand and little pebbles of quartz gleaming from the bottom. I had taken off my shoes and was dangling my feet in its cool depths. I had become very tired from my long walk.

The previous evening my family had driven down to my cousin's house in South Coventry, Connecticut, to spend Labor Day weekend. Today I had decided to walk to the little village of Coventry. My directions were to follow the dirt road until I came to the State Highway.

I had finally reached the little brook, where I sat dangling my feet in the water, watching the little salamander. I heard a noise, which which at first I did not recognize. Presently a horse and rider came cantering around the bend of the road. Astride the large bay horse was a handsome young man. When he saw me he reined in the horse and dismounted. He was at least six feet tall, well built, with close-cropped curly blond hair, a serene forehead, and deep-set large blue eyes, a straight nose, a strong mouth and an unusually nice chin with a cleft in it. He was wearing a white shirt open at the neck, and I was surprised to notice ruffles at both the neck and wrists. His trousers were gray, and he wore a leather belt with a large brass buckle. His brown leather boots came almost to his knees.

"Hello, Paul!" I jokingly said,



since he had come riding on a bay mare as Paul Revere had done.

"My name is not Paul. Who did you think I am?" he answered with a very serious look.

"Oh, I thought you might be Paul Revere." I was startled by the acute look of interest he gave me.

"Then you must know of him!"

"Why he lives right in my hometown." I kept on teasing him even though I began to wonder if he had a sense of humor.

"You must live in Boston then. Tell me, how are the Tories doing?"

He must have a sense of humor, I thought to myself. "Fine," I said, then added, "They are still drinking tea!"

"Oh zounds, I didn't realize it was that bad!"

"Could you give me directions? I am apparently lost. I want to go to the village of Coventry," I said. "I have walked from my cousin's house in South Coventry."

"You are miles from either place. Will you come a little further on, and be the guest of my sister and me for tea?" he inquired. "Then I will escort you to your cousin's home. Our house is just around the next bend of the road." As we walked along, he said, "Let me introduce myself. I am Nathan Hale."

So I quickly retorted, "And I am Betsy Ross."

"I am very glad to meet you, Miss Ross," he answered.

Whereupon I felt very foolish. I said, "No, seriously, I am Joan Richardson." He looked at me quizzically; then I wondered again if perhaps I should stop teasing.

By this time we were at the house. It was a large, freshly-painted, white house surrounded by trimly-kept lawns. Strangely enough, it had beautiful proportions for a new house. To me, the styles of houses have become more and more like chicken-coops.

The inside was even lovelier. We were greeted by a teen-aged girl dressed in a white dimity, sprigged with yellow flowers, with a large white collar. On her head was a little muslin cap. Nathan introduced us. She was his sister, Joanna, and

looked very much like him except that she had large brown eyes. I did not feel at all out of place in my white flowered dress with its very dull skirt and round neck.

They led me into the living room. I gasped because the furniture was antique and in mint condition. "Oh, my mother would love these antiques."

"Antiques!" they exclaimed, and I was quick to realize that they had been offended. "Father just had this furniture sent down from Boston!"

There was a wing chair upholstered in crimson silk damask by the fire place. The table in front of it was set for tea with copper luster, china, and corn silver teaspoons. The arm chair was a *real* Chippendale. They had inside shutters which were painted a soft sage green to match the wall paneling by the fire place. The other walls were a warm creamy yellow. I wished then that I knew something more about music because the piano was a style that I have never seen anywhere except in a museum. As I gazed around, my eye caught sight of a little silver tea set on a table under the window. I rushed over to examine it more closely telling them that it was the most precious thing I had seen. The little tea pot was perfect, even down to the minutest details of spout and tiny hinged lid.

Joanna said tea was ready; and as I sat down, she called in a little colored maid named Soolky, who brought in the tray with lemon sugar cookies, fruit cake, and hot tea.

Joanna said apologetically, "I am sorry the tea is made just with herbs. Because of the hard times of this year 1776, we are not able to buy suitable tea."

My hand shook — 1776 — where was I? The tea cup and saucer clattered to the floor and smashed on the hearth stones. "Oh, I'm sorry," I exclaimed, "antiques are so hard to replace these days!"

"Why do you keep talking about them as antiques? The next time Father goes to Boston he can get another half dozen." Joanna tried to

explain as she beckoned for Soolky to clean up the broken china.

I started to say, "Are you the Nathan Hale who—," then I stopped as a thought came to me that if this *was* 1776 then he was *the* Nathan Hale who, at the age of twenty, was hanged as a spy by the British. I had to change quickly and finished by saying — "was famous for kicking a football over a clump of sycamore trees?"

"Yes, he is the one!" Joanna declared as she proudly looked at her brother.

"He must have an educated toe," I replied.

They both laughed so hard that I began to wonder if I had said what I intended to say. "I must be getting home," I said after they both had ceased laughing. "My parents will be worried. I have been gone for quite a long time."

Nathan stood up. "I will walk along with you. I must be on my way to Long Island. If you'll excuse me, I'll get my things." He walked out of the room with long strides, and as I turned to thank Joanna, he was back again carrying a knapsack which apparently had already been packed for him.

"Thank you so very much," I said. "I have had a perfectly wonderful time. Now I can look forward to my walk." I cast a quick glance at Nathan, who smiled back at me.

We turned to go out of the door when Joanna handed me a little parcel. "This is for you," she said. "I want you to have it. And *please* do come back to visit me — it is so lonely here by myself."

I was bewildered — how would it ever be possible to repeat such a lovely day. I replied, "Yes, I would love to, you and I can talk about so much together. Thank you for the gift and the wonderful time. Good-bye."

She stood on the doorstep waving until we were out of sight around the bend.

The time seemed to fly as we walked along talking and joking. I looked at Nathan knowing this was the last time I could ever see him; not only because he lived in



another century, but because when he left me, he was going to his death. Again I was on the verge of saying something to warn him of his peril; but I thought better of it when I realized history had already been made and I, just Joan, could not change it.

If it was just my memory, I would wonder if this were a dream. But I have more than a recollection of a wonderful day in the country, I have the little silver tea set on the mantle piece at home.

\* \* \*

I enjoyed writing my story very much. The idea for it came one day when I was looking through some pictures from magazines that my mother was collecting. I came across a picture of the home of Nathan Hale, and that was when the idea started to take shape. I thought the idea was a wonderful one, not only because my cousin lives in South Coventry (the next town from Coventry where Nathan really lived); but because it gave a chance for romance, history, adventure, and description.

I became so interested in my story that now I wish I could have a chance to go visit the Hales in Coventry. I think it would be a fascinating journey.

— JOAN RICHARDSON

\* \* \*

A student's schedule for obtaining a seat in detention every afternoon.

First period - Drop books

Second period - Entertain classmates

Third period - Talk without permission

Organization

period - Eat lunch

Fourth period - Negotiate date for Saturday night

Lunch period - Throw milk bottle across table

Fifth period - Imitate teacher

Sixth period - Overturn a full wastebasket

Guess where? - Nap in 305 for an hour

— JOAN DUNPHY

## MEET HORACE

Need a policeman? Need a beach warden, truck driver, riot squad, plumber or general handyman? Call Horace! Horace is a true "Jack of all trades" because he is positively "master of none." I wouldn't want Horace to read this or hear me make that comment. He regards himself as an expert in all lines. Serving in all these capacities, and a few others, Horace is kept pretty busy from eight to six bossing everyone within sound of his voice.

As a policeman, Horace is "quite a guy!" He doesn't get paid for this, you see, in mere money. The privilege of wearing the uniform, carrying a black-jack, and wearing a badge is compensation far more adequate to Horace's ego. To see Horace in this regalia directing traffic outside the Inn is to see a really happy man. I was about to call them Horace's happiest moments, but on second thought, there are those glorious moments in his life when, seated at the wheel of the jeep, he races up and down the beach — the cynosure of all the women's eyes. This comes under his duties of beach patrolling, but the words "showing off" have been used for it.

The fact that Horace is the only "law" for five miles is a great responsibility to him, and he allows no one to forget his official position. Occasionally he has time to lay linoleum, fix leaking pipes, repair damaged roofs, and mend screen doors for which he is paid with money. None of these unimportant duties, however, are allowed to interfere with his higher calling of enforcing "Law and Order."

My mother asked him one day to put hot water in our shower. He was of course, "very busy" at the time, and said it would be a "couple of days" before he'd "get at it". Four weeks later he arrived with a crew of three men, an acetylene torch, the dump truck, a collection of carpenter's tools, and a little black bag. The work was care-

fully planned. Each helper had a job. The first was to drive back and forth between the shop and our house collecting forgotten items. The second was to remain inside the shower and the third would be posted just outside. Horace himself manned the torch. Six hours later not counting time out for lunch, trips to the shop, and reassurances that "Everything is going fine," we had the only house on the beach with running hot water in the toilet and rear wall completely black and charred due to a few misplaced sparks from the torch.

Our Horace is equal to any occasion! When, at last, the fateful hour had arrived and Horace called my mother to witness the turning of the faucet in the shower, she and the four men stood with bated breath awaiting the reward of the day's labor. But horrors, Horace! What is this? Cold water in the shower and hot water in the toilet!!

"Oh, oh! Little mistake, I guess. Anyone could make it. Just hitched it to the wrong pipe, that's all."

—JAMES PAGE

\* \* \*

## WHAT IS WINTER?

Winter is the fir trees, heavy with sparkling, rosy snow, silhouetted against the setting sun.

Winter is a country of farmhouses so covered with snow that only the chimney with smoke drifting out is visible.

Winter is the sound of sleigh bells and laughing youth, bundled together in the straw, riding along through the country on a clear, brisk night.

Winter is the shouts of children coasting swiftly down huge, slippery hills and skating wildly round and round the pond on ice as smooth as glass.

Winter is a cat curled up on a braided rug in front of a fireplace — lulled to sleep by the hiss and crackle of the fire, and cozy in its warmth.



## SOME FOOL

We used to call him Don. He didn't like his first name, Sam; and his last, Donovan, was too long, so we shortened it to Don. He had been a railroad hand, a gandy-dancer; but when the boss discovered his mechanical ability, he shifted him to the shop. Don had once told me that to be a trouble-shooter in a roundhouse was his greatest desire. In five years as a trackwalker he had acquired a great knowledge of locomotives; and what he didn't know, he learned in a hurry.

I remember the first time I saw him in his new roundhouse coveralls. He made a striking picture with his curly hair rolling out from under his blue cap. He was of average build and could have been mistaken for anyone in the shop, had it not been for his decided limp. He had been in war a few years back and had won a Purple Heart for service in France. His kneecap had been shattered, and pieces were lodged in the joint. He was sensitive about his limp. Because I was his best friend, I understood him and never made mention of it. It was an honor to be considered his best friend, for his magnetic personality struck up a friendship with anyone and everyone.

He was proud on the first day he reported to his new job. His confident air told all the world that here was a man who was going to go places. I volunteered to drive him to work that morning. On the way to the roundhouse he turned to me and asked, "Mike, do I look all right?"

"You look fine," I assured him. "Anyway, at the end of the day you'll be nothing but a greaseball, so don't worry about how you look now."

He laughed. "I know I'm going to like this." Then, "Mike, my life's ambition is to be foreman of that shop."

"Stick to it, fella', and you'll make it."

"I sure hope so." He settled back in his seat and waited eagerly

for the few remaining miles to roll by.

"Mike," Don said to me one day a couple of years later, "You've been foreman here for almost ten months now."

"Yes," I said questioningly, "what about it?"

"I don't want to make this sound like a complaint, but you're getting pretty lax about safety regulations in this place."

"Oh?" I said indignantly. "On what, for instance?" I guess he caught the tone in my voice.

"Well, you don't have to get stuffy about it."

"I'm sorry," I apologized. "Go on."

"Well —," he suggested, obviously hurt, "you shouldn't let anyone work when the firebox on one of these locos is open. And how about that coal pile over there? That dust is explosive; all it needs is a spark."

Now if there was one thing that I had prided myself on in those ten months, it was the efficient way I ran the shop. "Look," I sneered, "if you're so explosion-minded, put out that pipe of yours. Dumping that coal there saves building bins outside." He wandered off, grumbling.

I'd say that that incident was the point of the wedge that was driven into our friendship as time went on. It got so that we wouldn't speak to each other. The men in the shop began to take sides in the split. It became obvious that one of us would have to break down or leave; work was suffering. The major issue was now the coal pile.

When we were leaving the roundhouse on Friday, he came up beside me and said, "Mike, either that pile goes, or I go."

"Good-bye," I answered coldly.

As I wandered nonchalantly away, I heard him threaten, "I'm coming down here tomorrow morning and shovel the entire heap outside." He sputtered a bit, then he turned and walked briskly off.

"Maybe he's right." I considered. I stiffened up, mentally gave myself a good, swift kick in the pants

and walked back to the shop, mumbling, "He's wrong, he's wrong."

But he was right. The place was a mess. Tools were strewn all over the floor; I'd told the men that it would save time if they'd leave out the ones they'd need the next day. That pile of black coal held a prominent corner. The individual lumps were almost indistinguishable they were so smothered in dust. The cold, cement walls were smeared with grease and paint. Engines stood on the various radical tracks. Some were minus boilers; some, pilots, leading or trailing trucks; some, cabs; while others were ready to roll in the morning. There were eight in all, eight valuable, crack locomotives: the pride of the line.

I guess I must have been pretty tired that evening; I forgot to set my alarm clock. When I awoke in the morning, I was already a half hour late. I dressed hurriedly and gobbled down a quick breakfast. I jumped into my old car and tried my best to set a speed record for the ten miles between my house and the shop. As I turned the last corner before my destination, I was almost an hour and a half late. I looked down the end of the street. I slammed on the brakes. Before me lay not a roundhouse, but a mass of wrenched steel and utter ruination. Policemen were holding back the vast crowd while a group of firemen poked among the still-smoldering ashes for victims. The whole incident hit me with one tremendous impact. All those men, all that equipment — gone! A policeman saw me as I stood there, my face stark white.

"What happened?" I managed to stammer.

"Oh," came the answer, "some fool was shoveling coal dust with a pipe in his mouth, and when he bent over — well."

I remained motionless, as if in a trance. He looked at me as if I were crazy, then walked back to the ruins.

"Yeh," I muttered as I stumbled after him, "some fool."

—PAUL DOERING

ADVOCATE



## MORE THAN A MAN CAN STAND --

Up with the dawn — always up with the dawn. As long as he could remember, he had been out before most people had even rolled over. In the winter the world was black when he awoke and pulled on his heavy clothes, preparing for the long day ahead. At times a man wondered whether it was worth it; but then, he had a soft bunk and his three squares a day; and for what more could he ask? It wasn't the hours that gnawed at his soul; it wasn't the work either. He'd always liked to work. He loved the outdoors — the wind, the rain, and the sun of God. No, it wasn't the work; although he'd admit that he didn't like the apple trees, and the Lord knew they had enough of them. Almost four thousand trees now, his foster father had put into the clayey New England soil. They were more than enough for the four men to care for year after year. The truth was that it wasn't really the trees he disliked, but the fact that they weren't his. They never would be his, not even when the old man was gone.

The domineering old man had taken him from the foundling home so many years ago and had raised him and taught him what he knew. The old man took no advice, or counsel. The old man was boss up on the hill. Thirty-two years old and only the boss' man, he was chained to the habit of jumping when the old man called and of cringing when he was blamed for a mishap. His father never took the blame himself. What little the years had mellowed the boss was not noticeable in his attitude toward his foster son.

Four thousand apple trees meant over a hundred acres to be tended and pruned. Pruning in the dead of winter when the old man was in Florida tightened a man's insides into knots of anger. The old man's garden in the summer-time was his pride and joy, but who weeded it and dusted it? Who spent endless hours hoeing and weeding in the

hot sun? It wasn't the old man, running around in his shorts, getting a fine sun tan, going to Canada when the weather got too hot.

Yes, he got up at dawn, went down to milk the half dozen head of cows; and the injustice of it rankled at his heart. He wanted to raise some cows, but the old man had put trees on twenty acres of prime hay land.

What could he do, if he were old enough to be a man and yet was not a man?

He was fully awake now. The first rays of the rising sun could be seen over the hilltop, and he wondered what would happen if he forgot to get up this morning. But habit was stronger than thought, so he pulled himself out into the soft air of fall. He had stayed in bed but two mornings since he was ten years old, the two the boss had given him for his honeymoon. His honeymoon — funny, six years ago today it was. Five years since his wife had died in childbirth. The boy had lived only a few hours. Now years had passed — the grief had lessened. All at once it came back in a flooding torrent. Five years since he had known happiness.

The sun was up now, and he cleared his head and went out to the barn. There was something different in the air, but he couldn't quite grasp it. The cattle were restless, almost human to him this morning. The sun gleaming brightly through the east window shone on his head, on the thick black hair flecked with gray, into his steel gray eyes with

\* \* \*

Mr. Damon (irritated): If there are any morons in the room, will they please stand up.

A long pause and a lone sophomore rises.

Mr. Damon: Do you consider yourself a moron?

Sophomore: Well, not exactly, sir, but I do hate to see you standing there all by yourself.

the emotions behind them. He was not a tall man, but his arms were like iron bands from the years of labor. The sun saw him as he wished to be — a man of peace, alone in the world.

Having finished the milking, he went back to his bachelor's quarters, thinking with dismay that he must sell the cows this week. There was no sense in keeping them against the old man's wishes. Other restless thoughts marched through his mind, keeping time, it seemed, to a mournful dirge played upon his heart strings. He thought again of his wife. The old man had said that it would be all right to leave her. She had another month yet; and she, laughing at his fears, had said, "Yes, go along, I'll be safe enough." And he, chained to his father's wishes, had been gone when the child came. His father had robbed him even of the happiness of a son. The dirge went on like a cloud before the sun; thoughts of his father kept going through his mind.

Then, as if in a trance, he got up from the table and left the house. He walked quickly in the direction of the rising sun. As he walked, vague reasons why he should not go flitted through his mind; but they did not register and were soon lost in the resolute tramp of his feet, which also seemed like a dirge to his wandering mind. He tried to get hold of his thoughts, but they eluded him.

About sunset he stopped at a farmhouse and asked if they had need of a man. "Why, yes," the farmer said, "I need a man for the harvest season." He mumbled that he had not eaten, and the farmer's wife set food for him at the table. As he ate, listening with half an ear to the radio, a late news bulletin caught his ear. "F. A. Gleason found dead about noontime in his cowbarn. Authorities think that he was killed about daybreak."

"Yes," he murmured to himself, "the old man's dead." He rose quietly and went out into the night.

—THOMAS HOOPER



## SPRING SHOPPING

When you're out to have a fling,  
Going shopping in the spring,  
Did you ever look to see  
An oak in her new finery?

She has shopped at Nature's store.  
Knew what she was looking for;  
Something not too bright for May,  
But she's like it pert and gay.

Forsythia's trailing gown of gold  
Was not for her — too young and  
bold.  
Not Azalea's flaming hue,  
Nor the Hyacinth's soft blue.

Didn't even have to think  
Knew she wanted something pink.  
She wears it, too, with quite a flair  
Pink buds nestled in her hair.

Perhaps your eyes are turned in-  
stead  
To some bright scarlet tulip bed.  
But this I always look to see —  
Pink bonnet on an old oak tree.

—SALLY HANLON

\* \* \*

## A MOTHER'S QUESTION

A mother stood upon a hill  
And watched her son march into  
war.  
To murder, hate, to cold and fear,  
To unknown death by barbarous  
tribe,  
And raising up her voice on high,  
She asked her God above — Oh,  
why?

A mother stood upon a wharf  
And saw her son sail out to sea.  
To unfamiliar land and foe  
To pain and terror unforeseen.  
And like the first she looked on high  
And asked the age-old question —  
why?

—JUDY LOFQUIST

\* \* \*

Driving Inspector: Roger, you  
drove through that intersection  
too fast.  
Roger: Oh, I always drive through  
intersections fast to get out of the  
way of reckless drivers.

## ON ENJOYING SHOPPING

Shopping can be fun or a chore.  
Until recently shopping had always  
meant sore feet and sour faces to  
me. After reading Chesterton's  
essay "On Chasing After One's  
Hat" in which he says, "An adven-  
ture is an inconvenience rightly  
considered. An inconvenience is an  
adventure wrongly considered," I  
acknowledged to myself that I  
could enjoy shopping if I tried to  
see the sales personnel and to enjoy  
the free entertainment uncon-  
sciously offered by people.

In being nice to sales personnel.  
I find them eager to do what they  
can to help, if you treat them nicely.  
When I thought of shopping as a  
task, I never wore a smile. The  
saleswomen sensed my critical  
mood, and they soon wandered off  
to help others. With selections in  
large department stores so com-  
plete, I found that without a com-  
petent salesgirl I might as well  
leave. I can wander around for  
hours and not find the merchandise  
I want.

Today I think of shopping as an  
adventure. I try to make the sales-  
girls feel important. In return they  
help me choose clothes, allow me to  
take as many as I wish into the  
fitting room, and give their honest  
criticism. With such co-operation,  
buying becomes a pleasure.

Enjoying people really makes  
shopping fun. Have you ever  
stopped to watch the elderly men  
who cluster around a pet shop?  
Watch them sometime. See them  
tap on the glass pane, and see how  
happy they become when the puppy  
notifies them and throws them  
loving stares. It is a thrill to see how  
something as simple as a look can  
make a sad man's eyes sparkle.

One day when mother and I were  
going in town on a trolley-car, we  
saw some peculiar people. A woman  
who must have been in her middle  
forties was sitting near the front of  
the car. She looked as though she  
were trying to imitate Lucille Ball.  
She had dyed her hair red and had  
piled it on the top of her head under

a perfectly flat brown beret. She  
was so made up, she looked as if she  
had escaped from a cage at the zoo.  
She would not have been so con-  
spicuous, if she had talked more  
softly and gesticulated less.

A moment later an elderly, white-  
haired gentleman boarded the car.  
Long stray hairs were dangling  
down to his shoulders. On careful  
scrutiny we noticed that he wore  
his hair long and rolled, covered by  
a hat. That was peculiar to me, for I  
had always thought men wore their  
hair cut short, not in chignons. I  
suppose some men like to be a little  
different.

Life must be monotonous for a  
man. He must wear about the same  
clothes every day of his life—suits.  
I think I should die, if I had to wear  
one of those heavy garments all the  
time. Girls can wear skirts or slacks.  
Those Scots have some sense; they  
can vary their wardrobes between  
skirts and trousers. The only vari-  
ance in America is double or single  
breasted suits.

We got off at the next stop and  
went to the coat department of one  
of the large stores. I began trying on  
coats; but as usual, every coat I  
liked, mother disliked. Shopping is  
a waste of time when mother and  
daughter do not agree on clothes.

Discovering we wouldn't get any-  
where in that store, we decided to  
leave. Daughters would do well to  
give in to their mothers' tastes,  
because I have found that mothers  
are usually right. The coat that  
mother had wanted to buy from the  
first is the coat we finally bought  
two months later. I am pleased  
with it, incidently.

On the way out I happened to  
glance into a nearby mirror at the  
image of another girl trying on  
coats. After I had gone by, it  
occurred to me that something  
about her face didn't look right; so  
I went back and took another look.  
She had only one eyebrow! She  
must have rubbed the eyebrow  
pencil off and not had time to re-  
pencil it. It's quite a shock to see  
someone with only part of a face.



Watching stout ladies choose dresses is a grand way to spend time, especially for the husbands who come along with their wives supposedly to pass judgement. In reality, the men are there only to relieve their wives' consciences. By their prescence the ladies feel less guilty about spending more of their money. The stout ladies choose first, the dresses they wish they could wear, second, the dresses they should be able to wear, and last, the dresses they can wear. They are so disappointed that they can't buy a dress in their size, in the style they wish they could wear, that they go home perplexed and empty-handed. A common remark of these ladies is, "The light is very bad in here. It makes me look fat."

When I see a chubby little girl in a store, I always feel sorry for her. How well I remember myself as a poor little fat girl who couldn't get a dress to fit. Mother would drag me from store to store. Each moment tears came nearer and nearer the surface in both our eyes. Mother's feet would be sore from walking from store to store. My ample arms would be sore from trying to squeeze them into diminutive armholes. In every store the saleswoman would say, "She'll take a chubby-ette." Chubby-ette, the kind name for fat girls' dresses. That name really hurt me. How happy I was when I could tell my friends that I wore a regular size dress.

When you notice the people around you and wear a smile, shopping becomes an adventure and not an inconvenience. Shopping is necessary, so why not enjoy it?

—DOROTHY HORSEFIELD

\* \* \*

A diplomat is one who tells a homely woman that when he looks into her face time stands still, instead of telling her that her face would stop a clock.

\* \* \*

—Or how about the bell-ringer who got tangled up in his rope and tolled himself off?

CHRISTMAS, 1952

## THE ORDEAL IN CHEM. A

In Chemistry A one memorable day  
To make hydrogen was our task;  
We fished up some zinc from our cluttered-up sink  
And dropped it into a flask.

Our Bunsen burners (each one a furnace)  
Were lit and were fed too much gas.  
'Twas startling to see, but very soon we  
Were sitting amid broken glass.

We started again. Not five grams, but ten  
(We always used more, ne'er a fraction)  
Of acid went in; and then came the din  
That signaled a major reaction.

It bubbled and spat, and all things like that,  
And in volume it doubled or so.  
But when it turned green, and commenced to steam,  
I knew it was going to blow.

I cannot recall the details at all  
Of ensuing events on that day;  
But if you must know, ask C. Protheroe.  
I've just flunked from Chem. A.

—PAUL DOERING

\* \* \*

"Krech", asked Miss Fessenden,  
"do you know how far you were from the correct answer?"  
"Yes, Miss Fessenden, — three seats."

\* \* \*

Charlie Twigg (at football game):  
See that big substitute down there playing forward? I think he's going to be our best man next year.  
Girlfriend: Oh, Darling, this is so sudden.

\* \* \*

A track team is a group of men who have suddenly found themselves dressed only in underwear and have started to run like mad.

## YOUTH

Sixteen is made of hopes and dreams;  
A time of gladness unsurpassed.  
Here only for a minute it seems  
After its wondrous spell is cast.

The stars shine bright, the moon is gold:  
Oh let this mystic trance please stay!  
Dream now before you get too old,  
For sixteen swiftly fades away.

—SUE WINSLOW

\* \* \*

Lois Warner: What is college bred?  
Jane Guertin: College bread is a four-year loaf made from the flavor of youth and the old man's dough.

\* \* \*

Father: Are you pursuing your studies faithfully?  
Ginnie Wallis: Yes indeed, Daddy, I'm always behind.

\* \* \*

Mr. Harris: Do you find that horse-back riding gives one a headache?  
Barbara Cushman: Oh, no, quite the reverse.

\* \* \*

Did you know that the makers of Serutan are planning a new program to be heard every Tuesday from 9:30 to 9:00?

\* \* \*

We're thinking of buying Miss Guthrie a record of *The Syncopated Clock* for her typing class.

\* \* \*

Judging by some of the couples around school, we'd say ole' Cupid is using a machine gun lately.

\* \* \*

Who is "Black John the Smiling Hangman"?



There will come a day when we shall no longer hear . . .

"Pour demain . . ." — Miss Harrington

"In the opinion of the instructor . . ." — Mr. Small

"I think I'll give you a quiz." — Miss Fessenden.

"Come to order!" — Miss Steele

"Let's have it quiet." — Mr. Walsh

"After writing the alphabet five times . . ." — Miss Lewis

"Mas alto . . ." — Miss Kenney

". . . from that point of view." — Mrs. McCurdy

"Pipe down." — Mr. Protheroe

"a;sldkfjghfj . . ." — Miss Guthrie

"Well, if I were doing it . . ." — Mr. Sawyer

"C'mon now, let's hear it!" — Mr. Harris

"This isn't a social gathering." — Miss Nicholas

"Now let me tell you this." — Mr. Damon

"All right people, that will be enough." — Mrs. Merrill

"Anyone interested in babysitting . . ." — Mr. Berry

"You are trite, redundant, and completely incoherent." — Mr. Ferrett

"Close your mouth and prevent a vacuum." — Mr. Frost

"Abran Vds. los libros, por favor." — Miss McKenna

"And clean up!" — Mr. Pelletier

"And now for next week's assignments . . ." — Miss Durgin

"That'll be one half hour." — Mr. Nelson

"Don't cha know?" — Miss Gates

"All right Card - in - alli, go to the board." — Mr. Curtin

"Hands down and eyes front." — Mr. Claxton

"Open order for exercises." — Miss Carroll

"What would you like?" — Mrs. Slaney

"All right, people . . ." — Mr. Pol-lard

\* \* \*

The trouble with showing our rivals that we are good sports is that we have to lose to do it.

\* \* \*

Flora Wharton was among the missing one morning before school, but was found in her locker.

## ADVOCATE MEMBERS ATTEND PRESS CONFERENCE

Four Advocate board members were privileged to attend a press conference sponsored by the Boston Globe. Over 1,000 yearbook staff members attended the conference held at the Hotel Statler on Oct. 25. Featured speakers were Congressman Christian Herter, Governor Dever, Governor John Lodge of Connecticut, Mayor Hines, and Governor Adlai Stevenson. Each man spoke briefly, first stating his platform, and then answering questions from the audience. Governor Lodge appeared in place of his brother Senator Henry Cabot Lodge Jr., who was unable to attend the conference. Adlai Stevenson was the last speaker. He was escorted from his train to the Hotel Statler by a parade of bands, drum majorettes, and Stevenson enthusiasts.

Representatives from Needham High were Linda Hitt, Sally Hanlon, Ruth Birch, Joan Mueller, Dick Deming. The conference gave high school students an opportunity to see in person some of the delegates for election to public offices.

\* \* \*

Those pep rallies are something, aren't they? Wonder if Dr. Newman ever got that plant!

\* \* \*

If Shakespeare were alive today, he'd be looked upon as a remarkable man. After all, he'd be over three hundred years old.

\* \* \*

Recent best seller — "My Experiences in the Needham High School Chemistry Lab" or "How To Get a Bang Out of Life" by Joe Walsh.

\* \* \*

Females! A few years ago they were begging their mothers not to make them wear knee socks. Look at them now!

\* \* \*

Sleep, a stimulant taken in small quantities between Friday night and Monday morning.

## A NAUTICAL NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

'Twas the night before Christmas,  
and all through the boat  
Not a cockroach was stirring  
from his winter coat.

The hatches were tight, the ropes  
were all cast;

And a bright red wool stocking  
was hung on the mast.

The weather that Christmas was  
bitterly cold,

"And it shivered my timbers"  
down there in the hold.

The top of the rigging was covered  
with snow,

And the temperature gauge  
showed twenty below!

The sub-zero blasts had frozen  
the sea.

How Santa would make it was way  
beyond me.

When what to my wondering eyes  
did appear

But Santa and eight penguins a-  
waddling rear!

I bounced from my berth; tore up  
to the deck

(Tripped on the ladder, near  
broke my neck!).

His face was so cold, 'twas as red as  
his clothes.

A long icicle hung down from his  
nose.

But Santa had had a long frigid  
ride;

So the cold he found here, he  
took in his stride.

A jolly, old man; a plump little  
fellow

Who shook like a bowl full of  
strawberry "jello."

He made quick work of the presents,  
and then

Over the rail to his penguin-sled  
again.

He shouted commands; the pen-  
guins took lead

Then flew o'er the ice with the  
greatest of speed!

And as he drove off, dressed in  
bright red and fur,

I heard him exclaim, "Merry  
Christmas!" and "Brrrrrrh!"

—PAUL DOERING

ADVOCATE



*“ . . . You Can Do The Job . . . ”*



COACH: Miss Carroll, M. Dedrick (asst.),  
B. Harmon (asst.).

CAPTAIN: V. Wallis

TEAM: C. Anderson, L. Beldotti, L. Benson,  
B. Brearley, B. Bowlby, B. Clark, P. Cobb,  
N. Currie, S. Eaton, C. Emmons, E. Ferrara,  
M. B. Girrior, E. Gray, C. Hardy, S. Janney,  
S. MacDonald, J. McDaniels, J. Mills, J.  
Regan, J. Reisenberg, P. Reisenberg, A.  
Sheehan, M. E. Shields, M. E. Small, J.  
Swigart, J. Young.

MANAGERS: J. Finnigan, M. Smith

COACH: M. Defazio

ASST. COACHES: C. Curtin, R. Johnston

CAPTAINS: W. Cardinali, E. Eastman

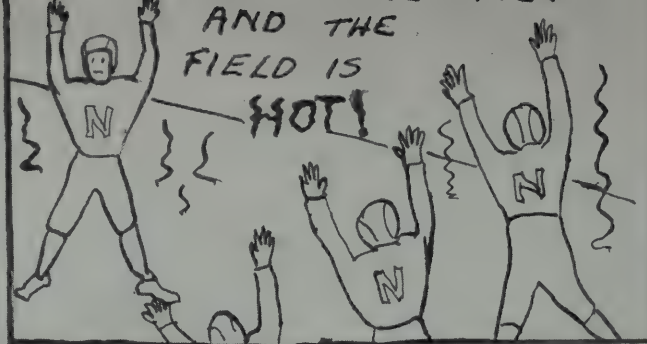
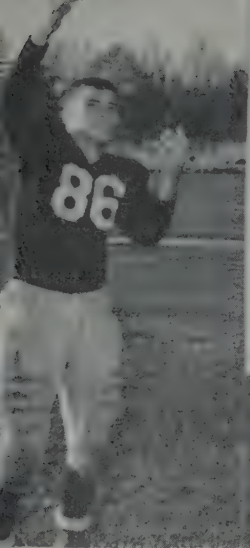
TEAM: R. Anderson, R. Bailey, W. Barber,  
K. Brooks, R. Coburn, W. Craig, W. Dugan,  
J. Graceffa, T. Graser, D. Hopkins, T. Hooper,  
R. Jensen, D. Nickerson, J. Rich.

MANAGER: J. Talmadge

ASST. MANAGERS: S. Welch, J. Page.







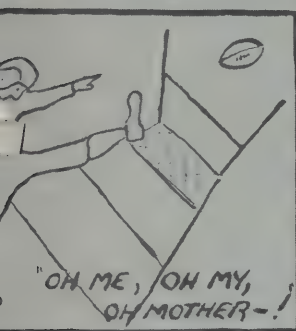
#### NEEDHAM 6, NORWOOD 0

Needham started the season off on the right foot by edging out a stubborn Norwood team. The defensive unit was spectacular with Hooper, Dugan, Barber, and Hopkins as the standouts. Co-captains Cardinali and Eastman played excellent football in leading the team to its initial victory. Among all these stars, however, a young sophomore, Bob Andersen, stole the show with his fine running and passing. Bob also scored the only touchdown on an eight-yard run.

have terminated Concord's long winning streak.

#### AND NATICK MAKES THREE

Natick, on a last-ditch pass, connected for the winning touchdown as they downed Needham 12-7. The score came with only two minutes remaining and broke the hearts of Needham fans and players, alike. The game seemed in the bag as Hooper kicked the extra point after Andersen's forty-yard touchdown jaunt, but again lady luck turned her head.

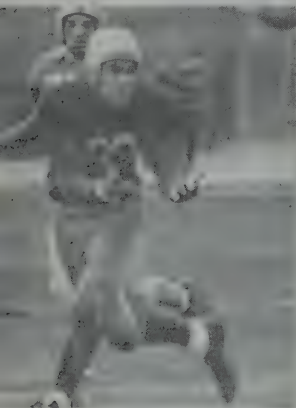


#### NEEDHAM DOWNS CANTON

Needham made it two straight by edging out a strong Canton team 7-0. Cardinali went over on a pass from Nickerson, who also passed for the extra point. Eastman and Barber were the defensive stars; Craig and Jensen, the offensive.

#### DEDHAM TOPS NEEDHAM

A powerful Dedham eleven overpowered an off-day Needham squad by a score of 20-0. Although Dedham deserves a lot of credit for a well-played game, they did catch Needham on a down game after their heart-breaking defeat to Concord the week before. Coburn and Hooper shone against the dark sky and did their best to stop the Dedham steamroller.

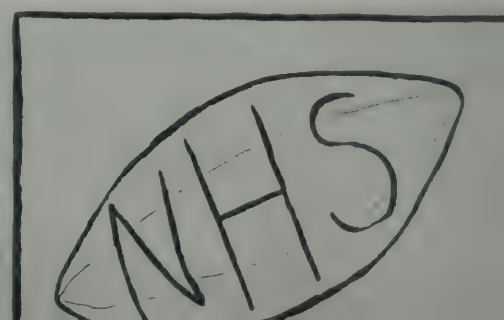
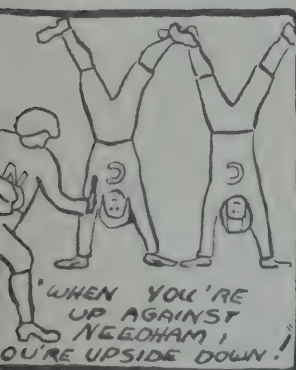


#### CONCORD 7, NEEDHAM 6

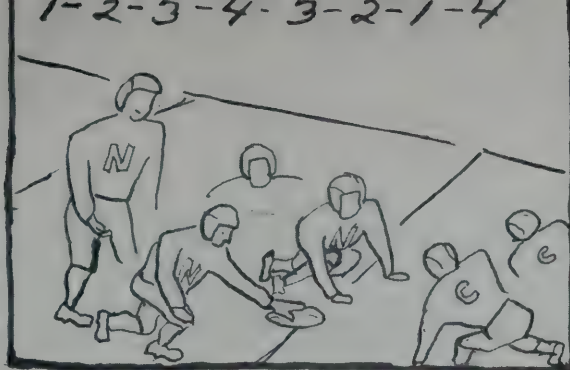
Although Needham was on the short end of the score, the team gained a decisive moral victory by outplaying a strong Concord eleven in every period. Co-captain Walt Cardinali, passing, running, and mixing up his plays, magnificently led the Needham offensive. Ted Graser was a standout on defense along with Co-captain Ed Eastman and Don Nickerson. Needham's lone tally of the game came on a quarterback sneak by Cardinali from the three-yard line. Immense credit must go to the team as a whole, who, with any luck, could

#### NEEDHAM 31, WALPOLE 12

Everyone got into the act as Coach DeFazio cleared the bench. The final score read 31 to 12 in favor of the Blue and White, with Walt Cardinali, Bob Coburn, Don Nickerson, and Dick Jensen scoring for the victors. Cardinali was the first Needham player to score twice in one game. A great deal of valuable experience was gained by the sophomore eleven, which will pay dividends in the future.







### "NOSED OUT"

Needham was too good a host to the Framingham Flyers, coming out on the short end of a 7-0 score. Needham's offense could not get going until the last three minutes. With only a scant three minutes remaining, the Blue and White employed, for the first time, their double-wing-back formation. This is primarily a passing formation, and pass they did. "Butch" Coburn filled the air with flying footballs and the "Needhamites" came within a hair of scoring. Coburn looked great in his new role of passer, and Nickerson looked tremendous in his old role as a plunging fullback.

### NEEDHAM 14, LEXINGTON 19

This game was a heartbreaker. Needham's passing was as outstanding as at any time during the season. Don Nickerson sparked the attack by passing for a total of more than eighty yards. The Needham touchdowns were scored on passes from Nickerson to Cardinali and Jensen in the final period. Tom Hooper converted the points after both touchdowns. Needham was handicapped by the loss of lineman, Duncan Hopkins, who was sidelined with a kidney injury.

### MILTON 18, NEEDHAM 13

The inability to get rolling early in the game, once again proved fatal to the Needhamites. Cardinali running from tailback, looked terrific. Eddie Eastman and Tom Hooper were outstanding in the line, as was Jensen in the backfield.

### WELLESLEY 30, NEEDHAM 7

Behind the running of Don Woods and Paul Ziegler and the passing of Maury Balboni, Wellesley defeated Needham on Turkey Day. Don Nickerson, Walt Cardinali, Tom Hooper, and Joe Graeffa starred in a losing cause.

Wellesley was definitely a better team and the boys are offering no alibis. Although the team did not wind up with a successful season, the boys gave their all, and minus a few bad breaks the season could have been a good one. Congratulations are in order for coaches Defazio, Curtin, and Johnston, who at all times emphasized good sportsmanship and fair play.

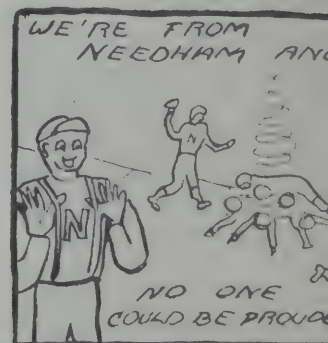
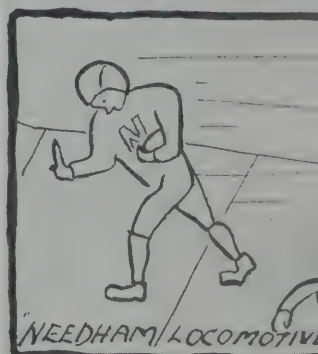
\* \* \*

The three outstanding players of the Thanksgiving Day game were selected and awarded prizes by the Custodians Club of Needham. They were Fullback Don Nickerson, who received first prize of a trophy; and End Tom Hooper, and Quarterback Co-Captain Walt Cardinali, who received Parker fountain pens.

\* \* \*

### SEASON'S RECORD

Needham.....6	Norwood..... 0
Needham.... 7	Canton..... 0
Needham.... 6	Concord..... 7
Needham.... 0	Dedham.....20
Needham.... 7	Natick.....12
Needham...31	Walpole.....12
Needham.... 0	Framingham.. 7
Needham...14	Lexington...19
Needham...13	Milton.....18
Needham.... 7	Wellesley....30





# FIELD HOCKEY

## OFF ON A BOLT OF LIGHTNING!

Amidst bolts of lightning on October 2 the first game of the field hockey season opened. With many hours of practice behind them the Needham teams met Wellesley. The second team drew the first bully, and at the end of the first half, Needham was in the lead 1-0 as the result of a scramble around the Wellesley goal. Sharp defensive play in the second half gave Needham a first game win of 1-0. The first team, entertaining poor luck, lost by a score of 4-0. Hoping to make their own lightning to add spark to their team, the girls sought revenge at the next game.

## OH, WELL!

The second game of the season was played with Brookline on October 9. After roaming around Brookline for about fifteen minutes hunting for the field, the bus finally rolled on to the school grounds. Although the first team was not victorious, a very good game was played. Brookline took the game 2-0. The second team proved to be a little more successful. The game was held to a scoreless tie.

## ALMOST!

The scene of the third game was set on the home field on October 16 with Walpole as the opponent. After scoring two direct hits during the first half for Needham's first team, Walpole managed to squeeze in a victory with the close score of 3-2. After winning one game and tying another, the second team suffered their first defeat of the season, 2-0. Although they lost, the first team showed marked improvement during the game.

## GOOD TRY!

Our second team won a decisive victory over Natick on the home field, the score being Natick 0, Needham 2. Our two points were

made by two Juniors during the first half of the game. Our first team, although not victorious, played a terrific game! The final score was Needham 2, Natick 3.

## BUT NOT QUITE!

Reaching the half-way mark in the Field Hockey season, the Needham teams played Watertown as their opponent on October 23. The home field proved to be very successful. The first teams, being evenly matched, were held to a scoreless tie. Scoring the first goal of the game, Needham's second team was out for a win. Watertown scored late in the second half which tied the score. With both sides holding each other, the game ended with another tie for the day, 1-1. After their first complete tie of the season, Needham is all wound up and raring to go with Newton next week.

## FUN, AS ALWAYS!

Nearing the end of the field hockey season, the Needham girls journeyed to Newton on November 6 for their sixth game. With Newton it's an old story. Being a larger school with many girls going out for field hockey, they are expected to have an excellent team. Needham did not let Newton take the game this year with too much of a swoop. Both Needham teams marked a loss of 4-0 on the score board with the first team suffering the loss of one of its star players. Although never having played goalie before, one of the other girls took over the position.

Every year at this time we look forward to playing Newton because of their heart-warming friendliness. We are looking ahead to many more games with Newton as our opponent.

## CLOSE FINISH

On November 13 the field hockey season closed as the Needham and

Wellesley teams met in two close games on the home field. The second team drew up its third defeat of the season with a score of 2-0. The first team also lost by the score of 1-0.

\* \* \*

## TRIBUTE

This year Virginia Wallis was chosen to be the captain of our 1952 Field Hockey team. Ginny has put much time and effort into this office as she has in all her previous responsibilities. Without her lively spirit and patience, the team would not have had so much fun and success.

The field hockey team and Miss Carroll would not have been able to run the schedule without the capable assistance of the two managers, Joyce Finnigan and Marilyn Smith. They have done an exceptional job keeping all the equipment intact and helping out during the games. The entire team and Miss Carroll are greatly indebted to them for their many hours of work.

\* \* \*

## FIRST TEAM

Needham....0	Wellesley....4
Needham....0	Brookline....2
Needham....2	Natick.....3
Needham....2	Walpole.....3
Needham....0	Watertown...0
Needham....0	Newton.....4
Needham....0	Wellesley....1

## SECOND TEAM

Needham....1	Wellesley....0
Needham....0	Brookline....0
Needham....2	Natick.....0
Needham....0	Walpole.....2
Needham....1	Watertown...1
Needham....0	Newton.....4
Needham....0	Wellesley....2

## In Conclusion

	W	L	T
First Team	0	6	1
Second Team	2	3	2

ADVOCATE





## “... As We Go Along”

We are all watching the progress the alumni make as they go along. When the Christmas vacation arrives, it brings many get-togethers of the alumni and students of Needham High School. It gives the returning graduates a chance to reminisce about their past activities at school. Although the vacation ends all too quickly for everyone, it leaves unforgettable memories.

As we approached the big mansion on the hill, we heard a lot of singing and laughing; and we knew the party for the alumni had already begun.

We were greeted at the door by *Jim Bleakney* and *Don Beattie*, both home from University of Maine. After taking off our coats, we entered the massive living room, which at that time, was filled with people recognized as our graduate friends. We noticed in one corner a small con-fab, carried on by our Colby freshmen; namely, *Betty Kezer*, *Mary Seaver*, *Charmian de-Vesty*, and *Eugene McCulloch*. We barely snatched a coke as it was passed by *Joan Goldsberry*. Joan is attending Simmons, and we understand that she is a whiz in Spanish there. We chatted for a while with *Audrey Southworth*, who told us all about Pembroke and her studies there.

Since everyone was going skating, we followed the crowd out the door to the big rink in the back of the house. When we got there, most of the kids were huddled near a fire, and were talking to “*Chipper*” *Hanlon* and “*Lefty*” *Shaver*, both home from Holy Cross. The boys couldn’t say enough for the college and the wonderful spirit of its students. They had been talking to

*Pat Coyle* and *Joan Hanlon* and found the girls equally enthusiastic about Albertus Magnus College. Soon “*Chink*” *Bailey* came along in his jalopy filled with *John Akers*, *Don Gardiner*, *Donovan Riley*, “*Midge*” *Brady*, and *Sue Glover*. The boys were soon asking John about Donovan’s success on the freshman football team at Yale, and “*Chink*” and Don about the life at Brown. We asked Sue how she liked Middlebury and all the time we were listening to her, “*Midge*” was raving about Vermont Junior College.

Suddenly we heard a commotion over the hill and decided to investigate. After a brisk walk we arrived at the ski tow. *Dave Rice* and *Norman Angell* came flying by on their skis, knocking us completely off our feet.

“This isn’t a very good example of the skiing lessons they’re taking at Dartmouth!” we exclaimed.

A toboggan had just tipped over on the hill-side and out tumbled *Betty Hatch*, *Sally Adams*, *Betty Wellman*, and *Carol Latham*, all taking a vacation from the books. We learned that Sally had started nursing and then entered Forsythe to become a dental hygienist.

Someone was bending over fastening his skis, and as he arose, we saw it was *Tom Duffy*. He told us he was having a grand time at Boston College.

At the top of the ski tow, we met *Lee Dirks*, who mentioned a few of the things he is doing at De Pauw. It seems he is a reporter on the campus newspaper, *The De Pauw*. Apparently he is kept quite busy going out on assignments every other day.

Soon some of the kids started back to the house for a snack and a little dancing. Tired but happy, we walked along, knowing that this Christmas party had been one of the most satisfying we had ever attended.

Greetings are sent to us from the graduates of Needham High School who are furthering their education at higher institutions. Here are a few:

JEAN MCINTOSH — *Smith College*

“Smith is more wonderful than I expected, and I’ve made some grand friends here.”

LEE DIRKS — *De Pauw University*

“De Pauw students consider their scholarship of sufficient importance to merit the university a high place in the field of knowledge-imparting institutions.”

SUE GLOVER — *Middlebury College*

“The spirit of welcome and comradeship is shown by the way the upper-classmen go out of their way to help us.”

CONRAD MACQUARRIE — *Colgate University*

“The location of Colgate and the friendliness of its students combine to make it one of the outstanding liberal arts colleges in New York.”

DONOVAN RILEY AND JOHN AKERS — *Yale University*

“At Yale you have freedom to learn what you wish, and you meet people here from many parts of the world.”

MARY F. BARNICLE, R. N. — *Assistant Superintendent of Nurses, Glover Memorial Hospital*

“Any young woman of high school age who has any aspiration toward nursing as a career should give her future very serious thought. She must consider squarely and honestly all her qualities, both scholastic and personal in order to determine whether or not she has the physical and mental aptitude the profession requires. Those young women whose vocation it is to become nurses of the future will experience many moments of satisfaction and pleasure as a reward for their efforts in relieving the discomforts, worries, and fears of the sick.”

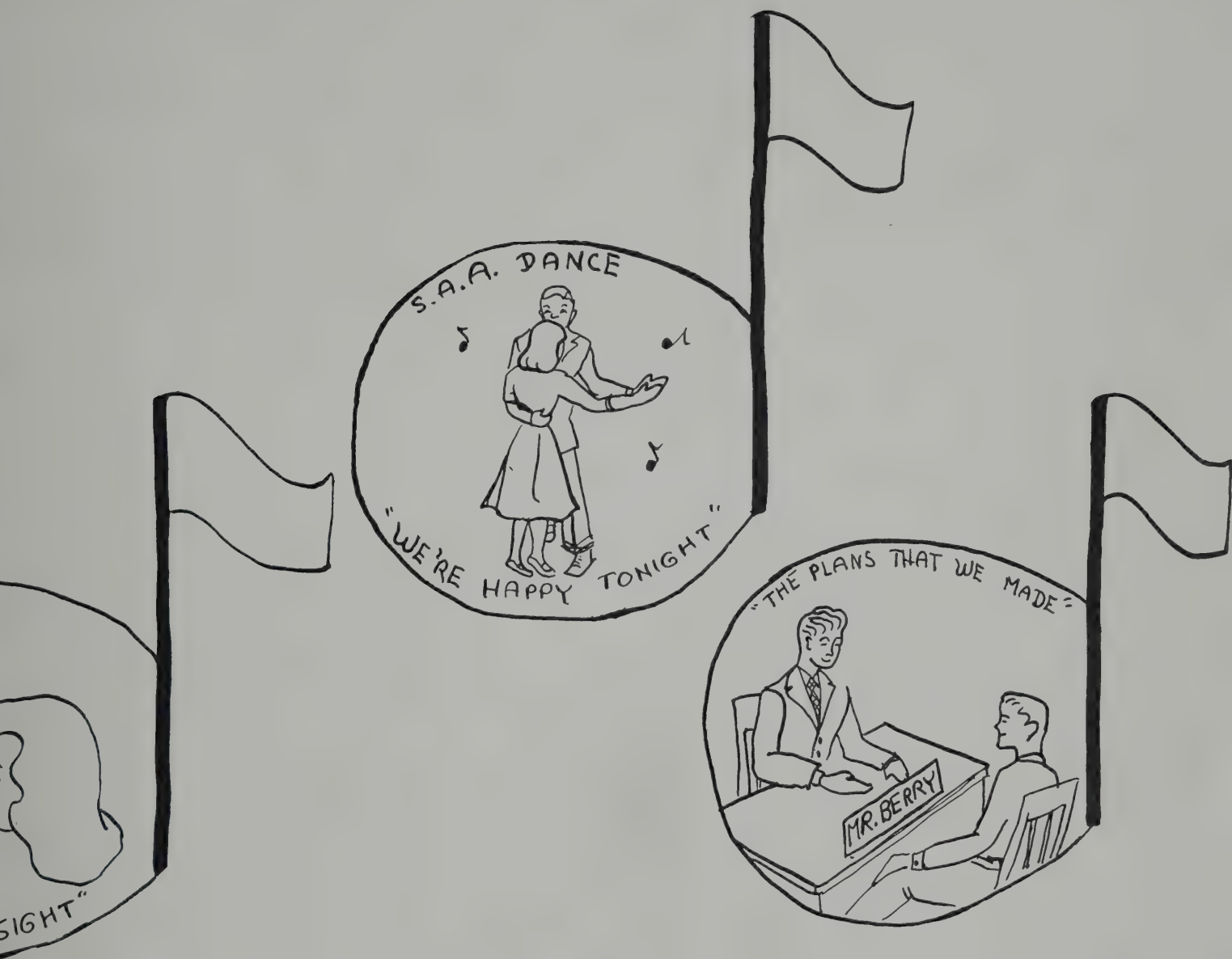


Winter



wa





nderland



# "In the Lane . . ."



N.H.S. greets new students. A hearty welcome and best luck to you.

## SENIORS

Diane Flynn Bloomfield, N.J.  
Bob Krajewski High School of  
Commerce, Boston  
Patti Reisenberg Sharon Hill, Pa.

## JUNIORS

John Alden Wellesley, Mass.  
Paul Cassidy Cambridge, Mass.  
Donald MacKenzie

Fall River, Mass.  
Arlene Petrini New London, Conn.  
Gale Rinker Returned after  
illness

Jane Reisenberg Sharon Hill, Pa.

## SOPHOMORES

Deborah Alden Wellesley, Mass.  
David Britt Well Jr. High School  
Alfred Burkhardt New Hampton  
Paul Day New Hampton  
Don Dygert Day Jr. High School  
Sally Finlayson Falls Church  
High School

Arlene Fitts New London, N. H.  
Mary McCloskey Boston  
Judith Rafter Technical High  
School, Springfield

Carol Rossiter Longmeadow, R.I.  
Madeline Sawyer

Gloucester, Mass.  
Pat Sylvester Worcester, Mass.

Taking a P.G. course after serving two years in the armed services is Gerald Cunningham from West Roxbury.

\* \* \*

## U. N. WEEK

During the week of October 20th Needham High School played its part in celebrating U. N. Week. History and economic classes gave special attention to the study of the organization and its ideals, Senior English classes wrote expository essays on the subject, the Bulletin Board Committee put up a beautiful display in the main corridor, and the Art classes placed impressive displays in local store windows.

## THE BAND

This year, Needham High has something it can really be proud of — its band. The band is quite different from what it has been in previous years. The new director, Mr. Frederic Harris, a major in the second World War, has put a lot of spice into the band, and has made its members want to get out and play. Because of the new enthusiasm, the Boosters Association offered to pay for busses to transport the band to four out of the six away football games.

Mr. Harris' skits and jokes have put extra pep into the pep rallies and have made him very popular with the N. H. S. students.

We can be sure of having a terrific band by the time it gets in full swing.

\* \* \*

In which one of Miss Carroll's gym classes have the seniors replaced the usual exercises with rousing sessions of "Farmer in the Dell" and "London Bridge"?

\* \* \*

## NEW TEACHERS

We would like to congratulate Mrs. Evelyne Merrill on the first birthday of her little girl, Robin, and welcome her back to Needham High after a long absence. We know the Sophomores and Juniors are especially happy to have her back as their English teacher.

The Seniors this year are lucky to have Mr. John Ferrett as their English teacher. Mr. Ferrett, who came to us from Norwich University, joined the ranks of teachers on the hill this year, replacing Miss Dodge, who is now teaching in Texas.

The Hill hasn't been the same since Mr. Fred Harris came to us. Not only has he brought outstanding teaching ability, but he has also made Old Needham High rock on its foundation with those pep rallies!

## CLASS OFFICERS

On Monday, September 29, Sophomores, Juniors, and Seniors held elections of class officers. Each candidate had three minutes to set forth his qualifications and intentions. Following the "campaign speeches", students returned to their home rooms to cast their votes and to elect the following officers: Seniors: Colin Gracey, President; John MacGregor, Vice President; Virginia Wallis, Secretary; and Donald Thomas, Treasurer. Juniors: Thomas Hooper, President; Paul Doering, Vice President; Marcia Salamone, Secretary; and Joan Richardson, Treasurer. Sophomores: Robert Alaimo, President; Dean Dusseault, Vice President; Patricia Pennal, Secretary; and Phyllis Hogarth, Treasurer. Congratulations to the winners; may they successfully and responsibly fulfill the obligations they must meet as leaders of their classes.

\* \* \*

## DRAMA CLUB

Under the able direction of Mr. Ferrett, Needham High School has organized a new drama club. The members, with Marilyn Antoni as president, will cast and direct plays during the school year.

\* \* \*

Joddy Morris, who returned in September from a trip to Australia, has been surrounded ever since by a crowd of curious students eager to hear of her trip. Joddy visited many places, such as the Fiji Islands, New Zealand, and India. After seeing bushy-haired natives in Fiji and snake charmers in India, Joddy must find Needham pretty dull!



#### MAKE-UP ARTIST

One of the best assemblies so far this year was presented by the S.A.A. It consisted of a number of portraits by make-up artist, Hal Rodman, who was very entertaining.

Instead of calling on the girls to be made up, Mr. Rodman went through the audience and selected five male subjects. And what subjects they were!—Walter Cardinali, Edward Eastman, Peter Scott, Peter Brightman, and Beverly McGrath.

Mr. Rodman demonstrated such contrasts as the different phases in the life of a country boy, and a famous general, and illustrated what little time it takes for a talented artist to change make-up.

His final portrait, that of Uncle Sam, was the most cleverly done and the most appreciated by his enthusiastic audience.

\* \* \*

#### SOCK DANCE

On the evening of October fourth the Needham Youth Canteen sponsored a sock dance. Although the football team lost a close game to Concord High that afternoon, the usual spirit prevailed and a large number of the team were present.

The music for the evening was furnished by Dick Barrett's band.

At mid-point in the evening refreshments were sold in the lunch room.

Everyone who attended had a wonderful time and hopes there will be more of these affairs.

#### CHEERLEADERS

At the beginning of the school year, the student body elected Connie Dimock, Shirley Kimber, Barbara Curtis, Joanne Stubbs, Barbara Stansbury, Martha Johnson, Pat Pennal, and Maureen Jackson to back up our teams. The spirit that races through the stands at game time is a credit to these terrific cheerleaders. With Connie as their captain the gals are peppier than ever this year; they are on the job at every game with a "hip, hip, let's go" to start us off to another victory.

\* \* \*

#### SNAKE DANCE

On Friday night, October 10th, a gigantic snake dance was held as a pep rally before the first home football game. This affair was sponsored by the Youth Canteen and was enjoyed by students of all ages.

Were you there? If so, you probably were pushed, shoved, and trampled—that was all a part of the dance. But it really didn't matter because everyone had a good time.

The line assembled at the parking lot at 7 o'clock, but because of the commotion, the crowd, and the fact that no one could find the beginning, it didn't get under way until 7:30. Then it started moving full force down the hill, winding in and out.

It was led by our dignified band, in a truck loaned by the Stewart Beverage Company. How's that for dignity? Then came our football team; and such luxury! They were chauffeured in convertibles!

The cheer-leaders followed the team, and led cheers at intervals along the route, adding to the excitement and gaiety of everyone.

The serpent twisted its way down Webster Street and Great Plain Avenue and stopped in the Square for a few cheers. Surely the Friday night shoppers enjoyed all this in spite of the commotion.

Then the snake dancers made their way up Chapel Street, May Street, and Webster Street, and back to the High School for more cheering.

There was so much pep and enthusiasm displayed at this annual affair that the football team can't help knowing we have spirit and are rooting for them always.

\* \* \*

#### STUDENT COUNCIL

At the first meeting of the student council, Donald Nickerson was elected president for the 1952-1953 school year. Colin Gracey and Virginia Wallis were elected Vice-President and Secretary-Treasurer respectively. Other committee chairmen are Robert Cruickshank, Finance; Sue MacDonald, Assemblies; Charles Twigg, Sports; Gerald Lenz, Juke Box; Dolores Drew, Liason; Donald Rising, Rules and Report; and Marilyn Antoni, Bulletin Board.

The advisors to the student council are Mrs. McCurdy and Mr. Pelletier.

The council is made up of 40 members, two from each homeroom.

We all hope the Student Council will do as well as it has in the past.

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#### IN MEMORIAM

We, the students of Needham High School, wish to express our deepest regret at the passing of Eileen Newton, friend and classmate, on November 4, 1952. We shall always remember her for the wonderful person she was—friend to all who knew her.

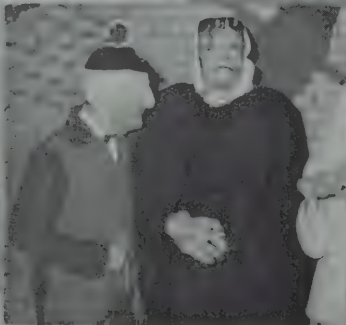




LASH, GO HOME



THE BUNNY TWINS



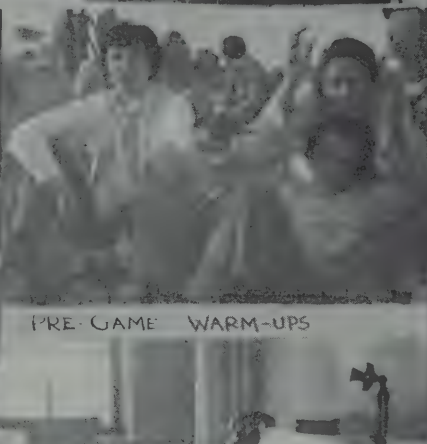
JUNIOR MISS



PRESIDENT, SENIOR CLASS



MEET AD-O-LINE

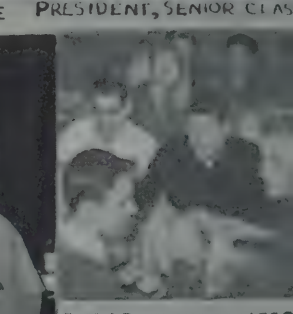


PRE-GAME WARM-UPS



FOOTBALL DIET

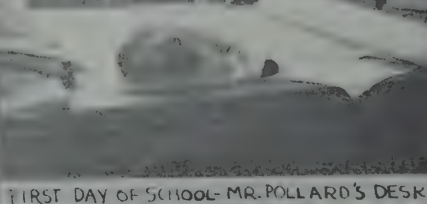
HIGH, WIDE, AND HANDSOME



EAT, DRINK AND BE MERRY



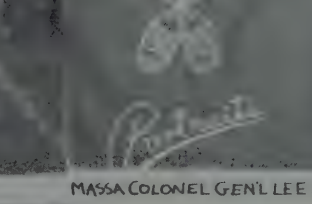
DOWN, GIRL



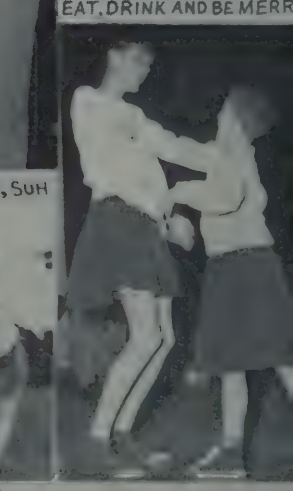
FIRST DAY OF SCHOOL-MR. POLLARD'S DESK



THE BALLET



MASSA COLONEL GEN'L LEE, SUH



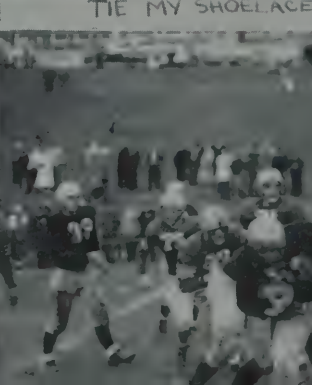
F-I-G-H-T



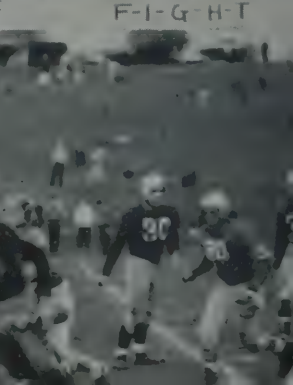
BEST FOOT FORWARD



GEE, DAD, IT'S A WHIZZER!



TIE MY SHOELACE



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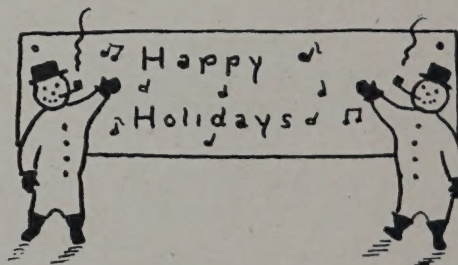
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